

Based on characters and concepts created by Glen Larson for the television series Battlestar Galactica.™

BATTLESTAR GALACTICA™



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Stan Lee
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Battlestar GALACTICA

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LF 662

[illegible]

A MHC Screen



PATCH ME THROUGH TO QUEEN EURAYLE'S GUNNERS ON SCAVENGE WORLD--

--THEN, ON MY COMMAND, BRING THE GALACTICA AROUND TO HEADING SEVEN-THIRTY-SEVEN, MARK NINE.

SEVEN THIRTY-SEVEN? BUT THAT'LL PUT US BROADSIDE OF THE BABESHIP! HAS THE COMMANDER LOST HIS MIND? HE'LL GET US ALL KILLED!



LISTEN MISTER, IF NOT FOR ADAMA WE'D ALL HAVE BEEN KILLED LONG AGO! WE'VE JUST GOTTA PRAY HE'S RIGHT ABOUT THIS! NOW SHUT UP AND OBEY ORDERS, OK?



AND, ON SCAVENGE WORLD...

HERE COME THE CYLONS! SPARE PARTS FOR EVERYONE TONIGHT!



TRIMMING TO NEW COURSE SEVEN-THIRTY-SEVEN, MARK NINER, COMMANDER.

STEADY AS SHE GOES, HELMSMAN, WE CAN'T HOPE TO OUTFRIN THE CYLONS--



--BUT WE CAN TRY TO STOP THEM BEFORE THEY REACH US!

WE'RE IN POSITION, NOW...



FIRE ALL ONBOARD LASERS!

WEAPONS' COMPUTER LOCKED IN AND TRACKING TARGET, COMMANDER. RELAYING COORDINATES TO SCAVENGE WORLD GUN CREWS.

"WHEEDOOHH! YOU HEARD
THE GALACTICA, BOYS!"



"FRY THEM SILVER-PLATED
BUGGERS! FRY 'EM GOOD!"



NO GO, COMMANDER
SCANNER READOUTS
INDICATE BASESHIP
STILL ON COLLISION
COURSE.

FIFTY RADONS
AND CLOSING
FAST. FORTY
FIVE. FORTY...



STATUS
REPORT,
CENTUR-
IAN.

BY YOUR COMMAND,
GARRISON LEADER.
DIRECT HITS TO LEVELS
THREE THROUGH
EIGHTEEN. SUPER-
STRUCTURE BUCKLED
BUT HOLDING.

WE HAVE LOST SYNC IN
UPPER GYROS ALPHA,
BETA AND GAMMA.
SWITCHING TO RESERVE
POWER.

THIRTY RADONS.
TWENTY FIVE...



EXTENSIVE DAMAGE
TO CENTRAL CORE
PYLON, GARRISON
LEADER. LOGIC DICTATES
IMMEDIATE WITHDRAWAL.



OUR ORDERS
ARE QUITE
EXPLICIT. CENTUR-
TURIAN.
CRUSH THE
GALACTICA AT
ALL COSTS.
FULL SPEED
AHEAD. MAIN-
TAIN PRESENT
HEADING.



STILL, IT IS A
SHAME WE
ARE SO... EX-
PENDABLE. I
RATHER...
ENJOYED...
FUNCTIONING.
ON, WELL...

AT FIRST IT SEEMS COMMANDER ADAMA'S DESPERATE PLAN IS DOOMED TO FAILURE. FOR, ALTHOUGH CAUGHT IN A SAVAGE CROSS-FIRE, THE CYLON JUGGERNAUT STILL HURTLES ON, BEARING DOWN ON THE GALACTICA...

... DETERMINED TO CRUSH THE LAST REMAINING BATTLESTAR JUST AS SURELY AS THEY HAD ORLISHED THE TWELVE COLONIES OF MAN, WITH ONLY THIS HANDFUL OF SURVIVORS MANAGING TO FLEE ACROSS THE HEAVENS.

BUT WITH THE DEADLY MECHANICAL PRECISION OF THEIR KIND, THE CYLONS HAD TRACKED THOSE SURVIVORS HERE, TO THIS DARK VOID SURROUNDING SCAVENGE WORLD. AND NOW--

IT'S WORKING, COMMANDER! THEY'RE COMING APART AT THE SEAMS! SPLITTING AT THE CENTRAL PYLON.

BUT, EVEN RIPPED IN HALF BY ITS FINAL DEATH THROES, THE CYLON BASESHIP SEEMS INTENT ON COMPLETING ITS MURDEROUS MISSION.

RAINING TONS OF BLACKENED DEBRIS PAST THE GALACTICA, IT GOUGES HUGE CHUNKS FROM HER HULL...

BEFORE FINALLY SLAMMING ROUGHLY INTO THE METALLIC SURFACE OF SCAVENGE WORLD.

THE FALL OF THE BASESHIP DOES NOT GO UNNOTICED BY THE INHABITANTS OF SCAVENGE WORLD. AS WELDERS AND MECHANICS AND ROBUES AND BUILDERS, HUNDREDS STRONG, SCURRY TO THE CRASH SITE...

OH, HAPPY DAY! OH GLORIOUS MORNING! SPARE PARTS FOR SCAVENGE WORLD!

I GET THE CHROME!

NO! ME! ME!

WHILE, ABOARD THE CRIPPLED GALACTICA...

HELMSMAN, ALL ENGINES DEAD STOP! REPAIR CREWS TO SECTOR FOUR, STERN STABILIZER TWO. ON THE DOUBLE!

FATHER, WE JUST CAN'T SIT HERE LICKING OUR WOUNDS! THE FLEET IS UNDER DIRECT ATTACK! WE'VE GOT TO REACH THEM BEFORE THE CYLONS TEAR THEM TO PIECES

"DO YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW THAT, APOLLO? BUT UNLESS WE REPAIR THE DAMAGE TO THE GALACTICA'S HULL WE MAY NEVER REACH THEM!"

MAY THE LORDS OF KOBO! HAVE MERCY! THERE'S NOTHING ELSE WE CAN DO.

THERE'S SOMETHING I CAN DO, FATHER. I CAN REJOIN THE FLEET IN MY VIPER. THEY'LL NEED EVERY WARRIOR THEY CAN GET.

SPLENDID, CAPTAIN...

... AND SINCE I HAVE FULFILLED MY PART OF OUR... AH... AGREEMENT AND FREED YOUR FATHER FROM THE MEMORY MACHINE, YOU MAY NOW SECORT STARBUCK AND I BACK TO SCAVENGE WORLD.

THAT'S OUT OF THE QUESTION, EURAYLE! STARBUCK BELONGS HERE!

A FEW CYCLONS LATER...

SOME DEAL... BLACKMAIL'S MORE LIKE IT! STARBUCK, YOU CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH THIS!

I DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE, APOLLO, FOR WHATEVER REASON, I'M *IMMUNE* TO EURAYLE'S MIND-CONTROLLING POWERS...

BUT SHE COULD WREAK HAVOC ON THE REST OF THE FLEET WITH A SINGLE THOUGHT!

GRIMLY THE TWO FRIENDS PART, THEIR FINAL WORDS LOST IN THE BACKLASH OF ENGINES ROARING TO LIFE...

I DON'T WANT THAT ON MY CONSCIENCE, APOLLO...

EVEN IF IT MEANS SPENDING THE REST OF MY LIFE ON A CHUNK OF SPACE DEBRIS SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE...

NO, HE BELONGS TO ME. ADAMA, A DEAL'S A DEAL...

* IF YOU MISSED LAST ISSUE YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT...AL



...AS FIRST APOLLO'S SLEEK VIPER, AND THEN QUEEN EURAYLE'S MAKESHIFT FLAGSHIP, ROAR FROM THE GALACTICA.

WELL, WELL--
STARBUCK,
YOUR FRIENDS
CERTAINLY HATED
TO SEE YOU GO!



CHEER UP
LOVER, YOU'RE
GOING TO BE
A KING!



KING OF SCAVENGE
WORLD. MY KING.

SWELL.

AND SPEAKING
OF SCAVENGE WORLD,
HERE WE ARE.

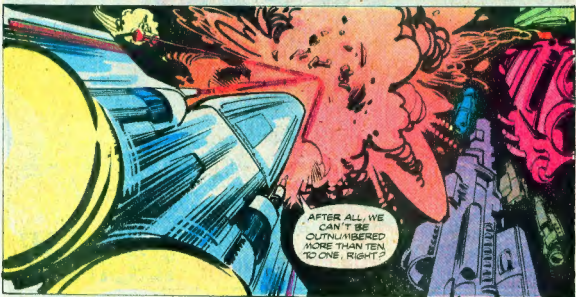


HERE WE GO!
BLUE
SQUADRON!



FORM ON OL'
BOOMER--

--AND WE'LL BLOODY
WELL SHOW THESE
METAL MONSTROSITIES
HOW TO FIGHT A WAR!



AFTER ALL, WE
CAN'T BE
OUTNUMBERED
MORE THAN TEN
TO ONE, RIGHT?

BY YOUR COMMAND, LUCIFER. COMPUTER ESTIMATES INDICATE THAT DESPITE HEAVY LOSSES WE STILL OUTNUMBER THE HUMANS TWENTY-TO-ONE.

AND I'M GLAD I DECIDED TO DIRECT THAT ANNIHILATION FIRST HAND! THIS IS GREAT FUN!

FUN? I DO NOT UNDERSTAND.

EXCELLENT, CENTURIAN, EXCELLENT! IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME NOW BEFORE WE COMPLETE OUR PRIME FUNCTION--TOTAL ANNIHILATION OF THE HUMAN RACE!

"ADVENTURE! EXCITEMENT! THE THRILL OF THE HUNT! THE--OH, NEVER MIND, CENTURIAN! HONESTLY, YOU B-2 UNITS ARE SO DREADFULLY DULL YOU MAKE ME MISS THE HUMAN TRAITOR, SALTAR! AT LEAST HE HAD A SENSE OF HUMOR!"

"STILL, I WONDER WHY THERE'S BEEN NO FURTHER WORD FROM OUR THIRD BASESHIP? IS IT POSSIBLE THE GALACTICA ACTUALLY MANAGED TO ESCAPE--?"

"AH, WELL, NO MATTER! NEITHER SHE NOR THE SO-CALLED FLEET SHE CHAMPIONS WILL ESCAPE THE COMBINED MIGHT OF OUR TWO REMAINING BASESHIPS! WE CAN'T LOSE, CENTURIAN!"

"AND THAT IS THE MEANING OF...FUN... LUCIFER?"

"CENTURIAN, THERE'S HOPE FOR YOU YET!"

THERE'S NO HOPE FOR US, SHADRACK! NOT WITHOUT THE GALACTICA! WHERE IS SHE?

I WISH I KNEW, SERGEANT, I--

--DISTRESS CALL COMING IN FROM THE GARBAGE SCOW JERICO, SIR! SHE'S UNDER DIRECT ATTACK!

"THE JER--OH, MY GOD! THERE'S MORE THAN THREE HUNDRED PEOPLE REGISTERED ABOARD THAT OLD TUG!"

"DEPLOY ALL AVAILABLE SHUTTLES, SERGEANT! WE'VE GOT TO EVACUATE THAT SHIP BEFORE--"

"IT'S TOO LATE, SHADRACK, WE-- WE'VE LOST HER..."



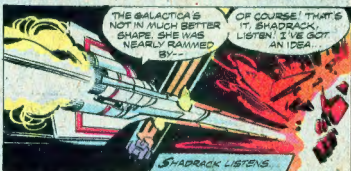
APOLLO TO RISING STAR. DO YOU READ ME? OVER.



PATCH ME THROUGH TO HIM, SERGEANT!

YOU'RE ON AUDIO, SHADRACK. GO AHEAD.

APOLLO! WHERE'S THE GALACTICA, MAN? WE'RE GETTING TORN APART OUT HERE!



THE GALACTICA'S NOT IN MUCH BETTER SHAPE. SHE WAS NEARLY RAMMED BY--

OF COURSE! THAT'S IT, SHADRACK. LISTEN! I'VE GOT AN IDEA...

SHADRACK LISTENS.



... BUT HE DOESN'T BELIEVE WHAT HE HEARS...

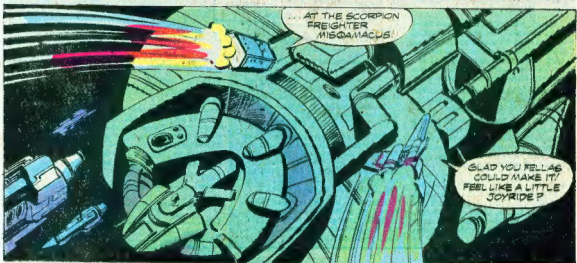
APOLLO, THAT'S INSANE! YOU CAN'T JUST--

WHAT? A DIRECT ORDER? YES, SIR... I'LL DO WHAT I CAN, AND CAPTAIN, GOOD LUCK...



AND SO...

MOVE OUT, WARRIORS! MASTER-TECH SHADRACK SAID WE WERE TO RENDEZVOUS WITH APOLLO...



... AT THE SCORPION FREIGHTER MISGAMACUS!!

GLAD YOU FELLAS COULD MAKE IT? FEEL LIKE A LITTLE JOYRIDE?



MEANWHILE...

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, EURAYLE. I JUST CAN'T TURN MY BACK ON MY FRIENDS LIKE THIS, I--

NONSENSE, LOVE. OF COURSE YOU CAN. YOU DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE. SCAVENGE WORLD IS YOUR NEW HOME, NOW.

EURAYLE, I'M HERE BECAUSE I GAVE MY WORD AS A WARRIOR.



BUT THIS PLACE WILL NEVER BE HOME

HEY! COME BACK HERE, YOU UNGRATEFUL PUP! FRY! I'M, YOUR HIGHNESS! O! SLUG LIKES TO WATCH 'EM FRY!



NO SLUG, I THINK I'LL LET HIM STEW!



STARBUCK SPILLS DOWN ONE DARK, TWISTING CORRIDOR AFTER ANOTHER...

...UNTIL DEEP WITHIN THE METALLIC CATACOMBS OF SCAVENGE WORLD, THE HOME-MADE, PIECE-MEAL PLANET FORGED FROM SPARE PARTS OF A THOUSAND DERELICT SHIPS...

...HE STUMBLES ACROSS DERELICTS OF A DIFFERENT SORT.

HO, STRANGER! COME CLOSER! COME CLOSER! HAVE YOU BROUGHT US FOOD? HAVE YOU BROUGHT US WATER?

HAVE YOU BROUGHT US FLESH? IF NOT, COME CLOSER! YOU'LL DO NICELY!

SEE? I TOLD YOU NOT TO WORRY! I TOLD YOU HE WOULDN'T FORGET US!



WELL, I'M NOT LISTENING TO YOU ANYMORE BECAUSE ANYONE CAN PLAINLY SEE THAT'S NOT HIM!

NOT HIM? OF COURSE IT'S HIM! IT HAS TO BE HIM! HE PROMISED HE'D TAKE CARE OF US!



WELL, IF HE DID, THEN HE'S A LIAR! YOU HEAR ME? SIRE URI'S A LIAR!

WHAT WAS THAT? WHAT DID YOU SAY?



HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S SAYING, SIRE URI! HE'S CRAZY!



WELL, I'M NO CRAZIER THAN YOU, THAT'S FOR SURE!

YOU STOLE THE AGRO SHIP AND YOU GOT US LOST AND YOU MADE THAT WOMAN ... THAT EURAYLE ... MAD AT US!

I DID NOT! SIRE URI, TELL HIM I WAS JUST FOLLOWING ORDERS! YOUR ORDERS!



THIS GUY'S SPACE HAPPY, BUT...



HEY, YOU...UH... GUYS...YOU WANNA GET OUTTA HERE?

MEANWHILE, IN THE DARK, STRAYESS VOID AROUND SCARYNISE WORLD, THE GALACTICA HER DAMAGED WILL TEMPORARILY REPAIRS CONVENTS MADNESS OF WEATHER SOOT ENTIRELY.

THE MADNESS OF WAR

AHEAD FLANK SPEED, HELMS-MAN! ALL LASER BATTERIES FIRE AT WILL!



BY YOUR COMMAND, LUCIFER THE GALACTICA HAS JUST MOVED INTO SCANNER RANGE.

SO, THE BATTLESTAR STILL SURVIVES! I SUSPECTED AS MUCH...

...BUT I DON'T SUSPECT SHE'LL SURVIVE MUCH LONGER! HER TIME IS RUNNING OUT!

HURRY IT UP, MAN! OUR TIME'S RUNNING OUT!

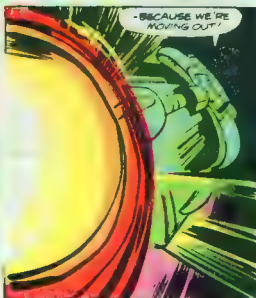
DO MY BEST, CAPTAIN APOLLO! THE LAST OF THE MISQUAMCUGS' INHABITANTS HAVE JUST SHUTTL'D OFF BOARD.



AND I'M SETTING THE CHARGES NOW BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW WE'RE GONNA DETONATE 'EM

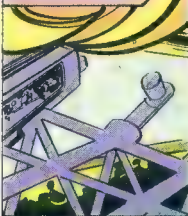


WE AREN'T GOING TO, SERGEANT STAND BY



-BECAUSE WE'RE MOVING OUT!

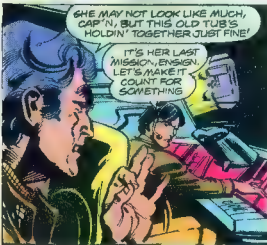
THE ANCIENT FREIGHTER
GROANS IN PROTEST...



...HER AGED ENGINES SPUT-
TERING TO LIFE ONE FINAL TIME...



AS SHE RUMBLES PAST THE BAR-
REN, METALLIC SURFACE OF SCA-
VENGE WORLD, SLOWLY BUT
SURELY PICKING UP SPEED...



SHE MAY NOT LOOK LIKE MUCH,
CAP'N, BUT THIS OLD TUB'S
HOLDIN' TOGETHER JUST FINE!

IT'S HER LAST
MISSION, ENSIGN.
LET'S MAKE IT
COUNT FOR
SOMETHING



THIS IS THE
MISQUAMACUS!
ANYONE READ
ME? OVER.



FATHER, WE'RE
PICKING UP A
STRANGE
TRANSMISSION.
I THINK IT'S
APOLLO, BUT--

PATCH ME
THROUGH TO
HIM, ATHENA

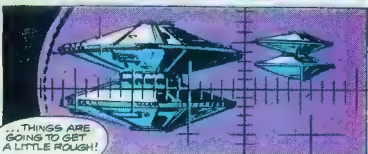


WE READ YOU LOUD
AND CLEAR, MISQUAMACUS!
APOLLO, WHAT--

GOOD TO SEE YOU
BACK IN ACTION,
GALACTICA! YOU'RE
A SIGHT FOR SORE
EYES!



THERE'S NO
TIME TO EXPLAIN,
FATHER, BUT
WE'LL NEED AN
ESCORT...



... THINGS ARE
GOING TO GET
A LITTLE ROUGH!

BY YOUR COMMAND, THE GALACTICA HAS COME ABOUT AND WOULD SEEM TO BE ON A COLLISION COURSE WITH OUR BASESHIPS



WHAT? BY THE GREAT MACHINE, IS THERE NO LIMIT TO HUMAN ILLOGIC?



ALL RAIDERS CONVERGE ON THE BATTLESTAR! DESTROY IT, ONCE AND FOR ALL!



BY YOUR COMMAND COMMENCING ATTACK.

HOLD YOUR PRESENT COURSE, HELMSMAN! WE MUST PROTECT THE MISQUAMACUS AT ALL COSTS!



TEN RADONS AND CLOSING, CAPTAIN



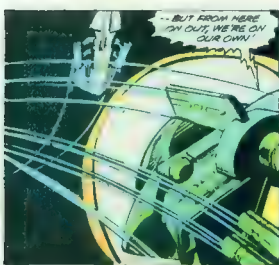
STEADY AS SHE GOES, HELMSMAN!



FIVE RADONS AND STILL CLOSING



THANKS FOR A JOB WELL DONE, GALACTICA

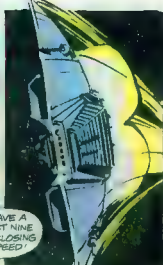


-- BUT FROM HERE
ON OUT, WE'RE ON
OUR OWN



FOUR RADONS
AND - FRANK!

SCANNERS HAVE A
CYLON RAIDER AT NINE
O'CLOCK AND CLOSING
AT ATTACK SPEED!



NO... IT'S TOO SOON.
WE'RE NOT CLOSE ENOUGH
TO THE BASE-- PS, YET!

ENSGN. WE WILL
FLY THE ESCAPE
"ADSLUE OUT OF
-ERE -

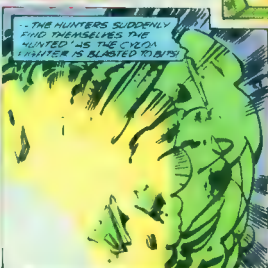


WE'RE GOING TO HAVE
O GIVE THE CYLONS A
NICE, BIG TARGET AND
DIVERT THEIR ATTENTION
FROM THE MISOUMACUS
IF WE CAN!



BUT, AS THE RAIDER
CLOSES IN MERCLESS-
LY, EXPECTING AN
EAS.

KILL



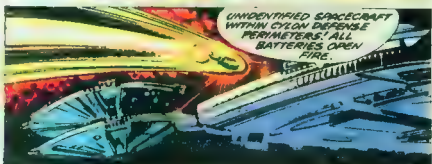
-- THE HUNTERS SUDDENLY
FIND THEMSELVES THE
"HUNTED" AS THE CYLON
FIGHTER IS BLASTED TO BITS!



YANOOO...!
GOT 'EM!



I KNEW YOU SPACE
JOCKIES COULDN'T
FIGHT A DECENT WAR WITHOUT OL
STARBUCK

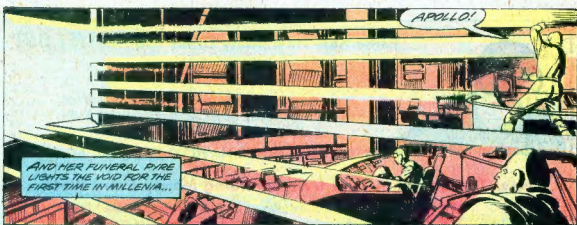


UNIDENTIFIED SPACECRAFT
WITHIN CYLON DEFENSE
PERIMETERS! ALL
BATTERIES OPEN
FIRE.

BANK AFTER BANK OF
HEAVY WEAPONRY IS
TRAINED ON THE OLD,
BATTERED HULK OF THE
FREIGHTER MISQUAMACUS,
A SHIP DESTINED TO GO
DOWN IN HISTORY--

--AND UP IN SMOKE,
TAKING BOTH BASESHIPS
WITH HER!





AND HER FUNERAL PYRE
LIGHTS THE VOID FOR THE
FIRST TIME IN MILLENIA...

APOLLO!



HOLD ON--! WE'RE CAUGHT
IN THE BACKLASH OF THE
EXPLOSION! OUR CAPSULES
COMING APART
AT THE SEAMS!



BUT THEN...
FULL GRAPPLING BEAMS,
HELMSMAN!



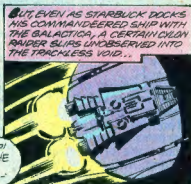
LET'S BRING OUR
BOYS HOME!



DOES THAT GO FOR
ME, TOO, COMMANDER?



IT'S A LONG STORY,
COMMANDER. LET'S
JUST SAY I'VE GOT
SOMEONE WITH
ME WHO'S... BESIDE
HIMSELF TO SEE
YOU!



BUT, EVEN AS STARBUCK DOCKS
HIS COMMANDEERED SHIP WITH
THE GALACTICA, A CERTAIN CILON
RAIDER SLIPS UNOBSERVED INTO
THE TRACKLESS VOID...



THE HUMAN DESTROYED
ALL THREE OF OUR
BASESHIPS,
LUGIFER. THIS
IS NOT FUN.

NO,
CENT-
TURIAN,
THIS... IS...
NOT... FUN...

STARBUCK?!
WHAT IN THE
NAME OF
KOBOL--

DISORGANIZED AND LEADERLESS, THE REMNANTS OF THE ONCE-AWESOME CYLON TASK FORCE ARE QUICKLY ROUTED



AND, ALTHOUGH IT WILL TAKE MANY LONG DAYS TO ACCURATELY DETERMINE THE NUMBER OF SHIPS AND LIVES LOST, ONE THING IS CERTAIN EVEN IN THE GRIM AFTERMATH OF THE BATTLE OF SCAVENGE WORLD...



...THE RAGTAG COLONIAL FLEET STILL STANDS!

AND, ON THE BRIDGE OF THE GALACTICA...

CONVOY FROM SCAVENGE WORLD REQUESTING... NO, DEMANDING... LANDING CLEARANCE, COMMANDER.

DEMANDING? THAT HAS TO BE BURAYLE

AND SHE HAS TO KNOW STARBUCK IS MISSING.

YEAH, WELL, YOU KNOW HOW IT IS, COMMANDER I MISSED THE CHOV.

AND SPEAKING OF FOOD, I RAN ACROSS SOMEONE I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO MEET, COMMANDER... THE MAN WHO STOLE OUR AGRO SHIP AND GOT US INTO THIS IN THE FIRST PLACE.

WE DIDN'T STEAL ANYTHING! WE WERE JUST FOLLOWING ORDERS!

SIRE URI'S ORDERS!



HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, URI!

EH--?

SURELY, OLD FRIEND, YOU DON'T BELIEVE THE DESPERATE PROTESTATIONS OF A... A MADMAN?

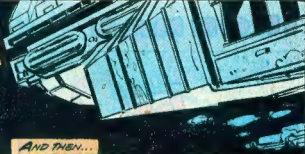
URI, I BELIEVE YOU HAD BETTER CHOOSE YOUR WORDS CAREFULLY! I'M PLACING YOU UNDER ARREST!



AND AS GUARDS ESCORT A PROTESTING SIRE URI AWAY...



...AN ARMED ENVY
HEADED BY QUEEN
EURAYLE, ESCORTS
THE MISSING AGRO
SHIP BACK TO THE
COLONIAL FLEET.



AND THEN...



THERE HE IS!
COMMANDER...
CAPTAIN...
STAND
ASIDE--

-- STARBUCK
IS MINE!



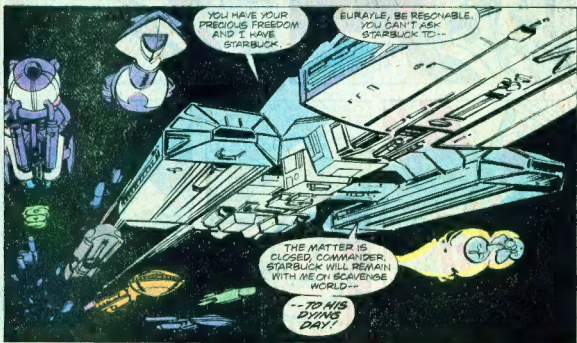
STARBUCK, I
DON'T KNOW
HOW YOU MAN-
AGED TO ESCAPE
SCAVENGE
WORLD, AND
FRANKLY, I
DON'T CARE.

BUT IT
WILL
NOT
HAPPEN
AGAIN!



ADAMA, I HAVE
RETURNED YOUR AGRO
SHIP AND MY GUIDES
WILL LEAD YOU OUT
OF THE VOID. THE
PACT IS FULFILLED.

AHEAD
FLANK
SPEED,
HELMSMAN.



YOU HAVE YOUR
PRECIOUS FREEDOM
AND I HAVE
STARBUCK.

EURAYLE, BE REASONABLE.
YOU CAN'T ASK
STARBUCK TO--

THE MATTER IS
CLOSED, COMMANDER.
STARBUCK WILL REMAIN
WITH ME ON SCAVENGE
WORLD--

-- TO HIS
DYING
DAY!

NEXT
ISSUE: **TRIAL and ERROR!**